Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☐ Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- ☐ Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- ☑ Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough/ Transparence
- ☐ Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Continuous pagination/ Pagination continue
- ☐ Includes index(es)/ Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/ Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- ☐ Title page of issue/ Page de titre de la livraison
- ☐ Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison
- ☐ Masthead/ Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

☑ Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires: Wrinkled pages may film slightly out of focus.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X ✓	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

Metropolitan Toronto Reference Library
Baldwin Room

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol → (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▽ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:

L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

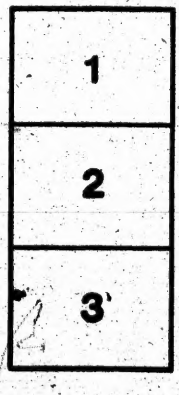
Metropolitan Toronto Reference Library
Baldwin Room

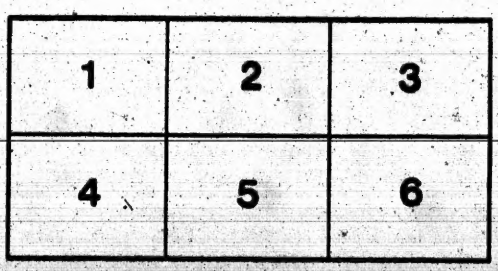
Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole → signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▽ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.





S
P920.01.35
945.08
G13.5

A BRIEF SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE AND DEEDS

OF

GARIBALDI!

BY AN IRISH PROTESTANT.

TORONTO:
PRINTED AT THE "WATCHMAN" OFFICE.
1864.

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY REFERENCE

A 6925

DEC 3 1935

INTRODUCTION.

On Monday, 11th April, 1864, General Garibaldi was welcomed by the people into London. It was most emphatically a people's welcome, and was given with such an earnestness and goodwill as have seldom been equalled, and probably never excelled even in our somewhat long history of demonstrations in favour of distinguished visitors from all quarters of the globe, and surely such a welcome is only befitting his services in the cause of civil and religious liberty, and the modesty and magnanimity of his character. The moment this disinterested champion of unshackled freedom set his foot on the land of true liberty, that moment, there resounded in his ears the hearty welcome of thousands, whose privilege it is to breathe the pure air of British freedom. Such greetings could only be responded to by one who could share in the feelings that annimated the warm hearts of the true and noble men of Southampton, and the nobility and gentry of London. *Quo plenior et gravior vox repercussu intumescat.* Never did the cords of sympathy re-echo with more cordiality and oneness than on this occasion. The great General felt that he was now in the arms of his true friends—men who were ready to breathe their last for the accomplishment of those blessings for which he himself has risked his life and endured so much toil. Well indeed might Garibaldi unbosom his heart's desire to such a people. And his lips gave expression to the feelings of his soul and the sentiments of his breast, in the sincerity of his heart, in such words as will make every Briton proud of the name of *Old England.* Who, then, is there amongst us that does not wish to become acquainted with the history and life of this noble hearted man? The brief sketch which is supplied in the following, is only intended, partially to answer this purpose, to refresh the memory with the achievements of this hero in the cause of civil and religious liberty, and to place within the reach of all a few particulars from which may be learned something of his labors hitherto, and value the importance of the work that is yet before him, and which, doubtless, he will be the honored instrument in the hands of Providence in accomplishing.

The visit of Garibaldi will serve as a test of the extent to which Irish Roman Catholics have been emancipated from ecclesiastical domination. On the broad principles of civil and religious liberty, are they prepared to welcome the hero's coming? Present signs point the other way, unhappily. Not a single Roman Catholic journal in Ireland has dared to mention the name of Garibaldi with the most qualified approval. Not even the dignity of his character has exacted from them a slight expression of personal regard. They have been in a paroxysm of anger since his visit to England began to be spoken of. The hint of his possible coming to Ireland drives them mad. The invective of those "Liberal" journalists against the patriot who gave Italy freedom is something amazing and unparalleled. A long and happy life and great success to Garibaldi, is the best prayer of

AN IRISH PROTESTANT.

Toronto, May 9, 1864.

TO GARIBALDI.

Cheiftain of Italy, O blame us not;
Fain would we keep thee in our Island home,
Though not so dear to thee as that lone spot
Where by the deep blue sea thou lovedst to roam
But we would seek thee out some calm retreat
Where time should pass along with noiseless feet.

Thy fame, thy virtues, thy heroic deeds,
Thy burning zeal to set thy country free—
Alas! while Rome and Venice happily bleeds
No cloudless smile upon thy face we see—
These trophies of thy noble patriot heart
Shall never with thy footsteps hence depart.

We've worshipp'd rank and Mammon and success,
And shut our ears too much 'gainst tales of woe;
Well, thou hast come, with burning words to bless
And thank us, and our pent-up feelings flow
Around thee with a gush of tender love,
And prayers in thy behalf to Him above.

Not by the Pope-King on his tottering throne,
Nor the crown'd despots who the world enslave;
No; not by these the magic spell is known
Which captivates the good and true and brave,
Making the best of men rejoice to be
Co-workers in fair freedom's cause with thee.

Is not thy presence sunshine to our hearts?
Thy speech as music sounding in our ears?
Thy friendly grasp a something which imparts
A thrill of joy that even calls forth tears?
Thus would we keep thee prisoner of our love,
The soaring Eagle changed into a dove.

But if, O conqueror, thou canst not remain
Longer amongst us, and thy soul is drawn
Back to Italia with a viewless chain,
Where truth and freedom now are in their dawn,
Then, may the God of truth thy footsteps guide,
Shield and protect thee, battling on His side.

H.

"Giuseppe Garibaldi was born on the 22nd July, 1807, at Nice, in the same house, and, indeed, the same chamber, as a much less noble warrior—Massena. Garibaldi's father was an honest seafaring man, who cruised about the Mediterranean in a little craft of his own; his mother, Rosa Ragiundo, was a woman of singular intelligence, piety and goodness. The boy received a plain education. His father wished that he should be brought up to a profession—that he should become an advocate, a doctor, or a priest; but it was useless to try to keep him ashore. The lad took to the water, and made the sea his playfellow. He learnt his lessons, did his work passably well, and then hurried down to the quay. Throughout his life he has been as much sailor as soldier—as much Nelson as Bayard. At length, tiring of the schools, he sailed away in the little Costanza to Odessa. His second voyage was with his father to Rome. The love of the sea never left him. A strong, healthy, active youngster, with a good deal of the poet and the dreamer in his nature, and yet, for all that, emphatically practical, he took storm and sunshine as they came, and grew happily up to man's estate. These early years were amongst the sweetest of his life. He had his trials and troubles, fell grievously sick at Constantinople, for instance, and on recovering found it no easy matter to earn his bread, but on the whole he prospered, and was a contented skipper. Strong, handsome, and hardy, and endowed with a marvellous power of winning the affections of all true women and manly men, he [illegible] reached the age of seven-and-twenty when, for the great good of Italy, he met a Genoese exile at Marseilles. The exile was Mazzini. Vague hopes and aspirations became definite in Garibaldi's brain under the influence of the Republican thinker. The Genoese was the man of thought; the Nizzard the man of action. They met, they spoke of Italy, of her past greatness, of her present degredation, of her future hopes. This was in 1834; in 1849 they met again—Joseph Mazzini was triumvir of Rome, Joseph Garibaldi his trusted soldier.

"The organization of 'Young Italy,' initiated by Mazzini, was spreading through the land, when the young sailor devoted himself heart and soul to its interests. The republican and national idea had proselytes in every class of society. Entering the Piedmontese navy, Garibaldi exerted his singular influence to win fresh recruits to the good cause. An armed expedition was prepared, the leadership of which was confided to Ramorino, an officer who had shown courage and capacity in the Polish campaign. It failed utterly and miserably. Before he knew its results, Garibaldi, feverish with impatience, left his ship, rowed ashore, and landed at Genoa. An insurrection had been arranged, but delayed. There were traitors in the camp; the government were in possession of all the republican

plans. The news came that Ramorino's corps, in which Mazzini served as a private soldier, had been dispersed. Garibaldi, sheltered at first by the keeper of a fruiterer's shop, disguised himself and left Genoa. Safe from the Piedmontese police, he was arrested by the French. He escaped; passed the night in an auberge; sang Beranger's 'Dieu des bonnes gens;' and so won men's hearts that those whose duty it was to seize him acted as his guides instead. He reached Marseilles in safety, and there learnt that the Sardinian Government had condemned him to death. 'It was,' he says, 'the first time that I saw my name in print.' Very prudently, he changed it; and soon afterwards, as 'Joseph Pane,' he saved a boy's life by plunging into the harbour of Marseilles. Shipping himself as mate on board a French vessel, he made another voyage to Odessa; then embarked in a frigate belonging to the Bey of Tunis; and on returning to Marseilles found that the cholera was raging in the town. Garibaldi at once volunteered to assist in the hospitals; for fifteen days the young Italian tended the sick, and then the pest began to pass away. He joined the brig Nantonier, of Nantes, Captain Beauregard, bound from Marseilles to Rio Janeiro. The wonderful scenery, the glorious luxuriance of South America filled his soul with ecstasy. He sought for some one to share his joy; and he found the friend he needed in Rossetti.

"The Republic of Rio Grande was then at war with the empire of Brazil. Garibaldi received letters of marque from the republican authorities; armed a little ship of about thirty tons, named her the Mazzini, and then, with Rosetti and 15 other companions, put to sea. After taking some prizes and narrowly escaping shipwreck, he landed, and gazed for the first time upon the vast plains that stretch eastwards from Uruguay, plains with which he soon became as familiar as a gaucho, and upon which he was to fight many a stubborn battle. Returning to his ship he was attacked at daybreak by two Brazilian vessels—his helmsman was killed, his craft became unmanageable, Garibaldi was shot through the neck and became unconscious, but woke to find that the enemy had been beaten off, and that his little vessel was quietly floating up the River Parana. The courage of his men, however soon after failed them, and they deserted. Garibaldi was taken prisoner.

"Released, he resumed his adventurous life—now galloping over the plains, now cruising and fighting in the long lagoons. After a fight near the Estancia de la Barra, the hero fell in love. The courtship was a short one. Anita Giuseppe loved at first sight; the two noble souls recognised each other at once; they married, and in September, 1840, their son Menotti was born. Anita was worthy to be a hero's wife. Her nature, tropical in its intensity of passion, was akin to that of Garibaldi; and the bitterest hour of a life which has known many changes and much sorrow was that when, a hunted fugitive, he laid her in the grave, far away from her native land, in

that Italy which he loved and loves so well. He had gained a bride; he was soon to lose a friend. In a fight at Moringue, Rossetti, dangerously wounded, fell from his horse; he refused to surrender, and was slain. Garibaldi mourned him bitterly, but had no time to waste in idle sorrow. His activity redoubled. In 1844 he entered the service of the republic of Monte Video, then fighting for existence against the infamous Rosas. Few partisan leaders in a land where almost every man has some of the instincts of a guerilla, were now more famous than the Italian. Silently and gravely he was preparing himself for the mighty work that yet remained for him. In the intervals of action he studied and thought. Slowly but certainly the idea grew upon him that he might form an Italian legion in South America, which, practised in warfare, might cross the sea when the good time came, and strike a blow for the Fatherland. With three ships he fought for three days against ten vessels belonging to the Dictator of Buenos Ayres; the odds were too great even for Garibaldi; but so heroic was his resistance, that, when he returned to Monte Video, he was hailed by the people as heartily as though he had gained a victory. The Italian legion was formed; a band of noble men, proscribed and banished; thinkers, scholars, plain artisans, soldiers, sailors—but all patriots, and loving their leader. With these men he gained battles. At Cerro, at La Boyada, and at San Antonio he was victorious. So signal was his triumph at San Antonio, that the Government of Monte Video decided that the date of the battle, and the name of Garrabaldi, should be inscribed in letters of gold upon the flag of the Italian Legion. Time went on, the years passed happily enough—Garibaldi was poor, but his wants were few. He had a wife to whom he was passionately attached—little children whom he loved with that grave sweet tenderness which marks the affection of a hero. His name was no longer obscure even in Europe. Mazzini, and a few faithful and earnest men who kept alive the flame of Italian patriotism, knew that in the brilliant soldier-sailor of South America, the country would find such a warlike chieftain as it needed.

"There came over the sea to Garibaldi the news that Pius the Ninth was Pope, that the people were suffering from the horrible tyrrany of his Holiness, and that Italy had started from her slumber; so he sailed away towards Rome, and though timid men reminded him that in Piedmont he was still under sentence of death, he landed at Genoa. With a wild cry of enthusiasm, the people gathered round him. His name, even then, would have been worth twenty thousand troops. The manhood of the whole land would have rushed into the field at his bidding. Modestly and humbly the great guerilla placed his sword at the service of his king. Carlo Alberto refused it—the most fatal mistake of his life! The tide of battle, which had long been running in favour of Italy, turned, and the ebb was swift and strong. The Sardinian army withdrew before the Austrians, and left Milan to its fate. The noble city, whose sons had themselves

driven out the Germans a few months before, found that it had been unwise when it put its faith in princes. Disenchanted, it called 'Young Italy' to its aid. Mazzini himself shouldered a musket. Garibaldi hastened to Milan, raised a free corps, and marched upon Bergamo. He was compelled, however, to retire, and after establishing himself for a time near Lago Maggiore, he crossed the frontier into Switzerland. In September, 1848, Nice, his birthplace, sent him as its deputy to the Sardinian Parliament. It has been said he is not a politician. The statement is only partially true,—to make it accurate we should say that he is not a diplomatist, though he has sometimes cut knots with his sword which diplomacy was unable to untie, and that he is not an orator except when upon the battle-field he gives the word to charge. 1849 arrived. Pius fled from Rome; the Republic was proclaimed. Joseph Mazzini, Aurelio Saffi, and Armellini governed it as a triumvirate; and Garibaldi, summoned by them to the Eternal City, was entrusted with the command of the first brigade. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, then President of the French Republic—at present, 'by the Grace of God and the national will' Emperor—sent an army to Civita Eecchia, under General Oudinot. Many men doubted whether the Italians would fight; they soon solved the problem—they fought. They drove back the French from the walls of Rome; Garibaldi, at the Villa Pamfili, not only defeating the assailants, but taking three hundred of them prisoners. An Armistice was concluded with Oudinot, but the Nizzard did not like to waste time. With three thousand men he sallied forth from the city, and routed five thousand Neapolitans at Palestrina. Ten days afterwards, at Velletri, he attacked the enemy who were commanded by the King in person—by Bomba—father of Bombalino; and swift and craven was the flight of his evil Majesty. Garibaldi, who was slightly wounded in the combat, returned to Rome. The siege was drawing to its close. Republican France crushed Republican Italy. Rome surrendered. With four thousand foot soldiers and four hundred horsemen, the Nizzard left the city, eager to continue a guerilla warfare in the mountains, or else to get to Venice, which, under the leadership of Daniele Manin, still held the Austrians at bay. He reached San Marino; but the little republic, threatened by the allies, compelled him to disband his troops. With a few devoted men Garibaldi departed, and endeavoured to gain the shores of the Adriatic. On the 2nd July he left Rome; on the 30th of the same month he quitted San Marino. His wife, Anita, who had borne him three children, and was again about to become a mother, accompanied him. On the 3rd August he reached Cesenatico, hired thirteen fishing boats, and set sail for Venice. The City of the Sea was almost in sight when Garibaldi perceived that his little fleet was pursued by Austrian ships; the wind shifted, and blew dead against him; eight of the fishing boats were captured; with the other five he ran the gauntlet through the Austrian squadron, and landed on the coast. His little band dispersed. It was no longer a question of

war, but simply of escape. With his wife, his children, Ciceruacchio and his family, the Lombard officer, Livraghi, and the Barnabite monk Ugo Bassi, Garibaldi trusted himself to the honour of the Peasantry, and found them nobly faithful. But the hardships of the flight overcame Anita. The noble woman died; and Garibaldi, digging her grave with his own hands, swore that he would yet revenge her upon the Austrians. Heartbroken he wandered wearily away. In time he reached Ravenna, then passed into Tuscany, to Genoa, to Tunis; and from Tunis sailed, a lonely man whose country had been ruined, and whose wife had been hunted to death, for America. A weaker nature would have sunk under such calamities; this great man, keeping his grief to himself, set to work to earn his bread by the labour of his hands, and waited for the time when, in God's good providence, Italy should again call him to her aid. In New York he turned trader: but the old love of the sea came back, and he sailed again as a merchant skipper. He visited California and China. He came to England—a grave bearded man, who sat among his bales and crates, and talked of freight and other trading matters, but whose manner had still so strange and subtle a charm that those who did not know his name walked away in wonder as to who this Italian could be. At Newcastle the north countrymen gave him a sword of honour; he has used it since to some effect.

"His mother died in 1851; in 1854 he returned to Italy, which was now doubly dear and sacred, because the twofold happiness of his life, as son and husband, was buried there. Gradually the Republicans—the 'party of action'—drew nearer to the King. Garibaldi believed in Victor Emanuel, and accepted a post in his marine. Then, establishing himself at Caprera he rested and waited. The air was thick with tokens of the coming storm; and this mariner knew well enough that the tempest was rolling up. On New Year's Day, 1859, the Emperor who had destroyed Rome hinted that he would deliver Italy. The French army crossed the Alps. At the first whisper of war, Garibaldi offered his services to the King. Cavour knew his value, and accepted them. Then, with his 'Huntsmen of the Alps,' the hero dashed to the front, beat up the Austrian quarters, and began the war. From Lago Maggiore to Varese, from Varese to Como, this irregular force marched before the Austrian General had inspected his troops, or seen the last orders received from Vienna; and ere he could telegraph that the 'enemy had escaped him at Varese,' Garibaldi had entered Como amidst the cheering of the people. In this campaign the marvellous fertility of resources, the quickness of decision, the celerity of execution displayed by Garibaldi, convinced all Europe that the reputation he had won in America was not exaggerated. Sore trials remained for him. Solferino was followed by Villafranca. When the shameful news reached Garibaldi's camp, he bore it bravely—it was hateful, it was horrible; but he had to do his duty to his king for all that. Cavour resigned; Garibaldi held his commission for some time longer. A

still heavier blow had to be endured. The Emperor, who had gone to war for 'an idea,' sent in his bill of costs. Nice and Savoy were to cease to be Italian. At this news the great heart of the Nizzard almost failed him. That his very birthplace should be bartered away was terrible. He spoke out vehemently; he denounced the transaction as an infamy, and then waited for the spring. In the first days of May, 1860, volunteers began to assemble in the neighbourhood of Genoa. Garibaldi himself was then at Quarto, five miles from that city. During the night between the 5th and 6th of May, a detachment under the orders of Nino Bixio, seized two steamboats—the Lombardo and the Piedmonte—and proceeded to rendezvous which had been appointed. The people of Sicily had risen in insurrection; Garibaldi, the knight-errant of liberty was going to their aid. He took his own place at the helm on board the Piedmonte, and steered the ship himself. In all, his men numbered about a thousand, the greatest part of them being Lombards. The enterprise on which he had embarked seemed one of the most desperate ever attempted. The Piedmontes Government disowned him; by that of Naples he was denounced as a pirate and an outlaw. Steadily steering on, and keeping a keen look out for hostile cruisers, he held his course. He touched at Talamone, on the Tuscan border, took in coals at Santo Stefano, and then steered due south towards the coast of Africa. Safe thus far, he took in provisions at Cape Bon, and then pushed right away to Sicily. On the 11th of May he made the land; a fishing-boat informed him that a Neapolitan frigate and two corvettes had that morning quitted their anchorage at Marsala, and gone round towards Trapani. The harbour was free. Garibaldi landed, and the hostile squadron, returning just too late, could only seize his deserted steamers, and open an idle fire upon the town. Next morning he and his 'red shirts' were on the march. On the 15th they met the enemy at Calatafimi, and beat him; on the 26th, driving the Neapolitans before him, he occupied Palermo. In due time all Sicily acknowledged him as Dictator. Early in August he crossed from Messina to the mainland. At the mere whisper of his name regiments dispersed: and Bombalino ran as swiftly from Naples as his father had fled from Velletri. Then, when he had conquered two kingdoms, Garibaldi laid the gift at the feet of Victor Emmanuel, and went back, a poor man, to grow turnips at Caprera. In all history there is not a more wonderful or glorious episode.

"Again he left Caprera on a sad journey. With the cry of 'Rome or death,' he called his friends around him. Mad as the undertaking seemed, there were many who, remembering what he had already done, believed that success might yet be possible. The suspense was short. By no Frenchmen—no Austrians—was Garibaldi overcome. He fell at Aspromonte; and it was an Italian hand that shot him down. It was a dark and awful time; but even through this he has lived. A shudder went through Europe when the news was heard; and all who were generous or noble felt that, however

much Garibaldi might have erred through excessive patriotism, he was more than sufficiently punished by such a fate. A long and weary illness followed; and now his cure not quite completed, the General is in the Channel—soon to be the honoured guest of all our people. Such a life requires no commentary. We have briefly and hurriedly recapitulated what Garibaldi has done; it is for the nation to say what he deserves."

The London Star also publishes a spirited memoir of Garibaldi:—

"Never," it says, "has the muse of history or song touched a nobler theme than the soldiership and manhood of the patriot hero who lands to-day on English soil. It is not for the first time he now visits this island home of a great and free people. Thrice before he has been among us—in London, Liverpool, and Newcastle—but few of us then knew his great worth and capacity. Only a few perceptive and sympathetic souls recognised the native nobility of the defeated and exiled revolutionist who hid his greatness under the humble garb of a merchant seaman. Millions acknowledge now the truth of what was written of him 14 years ago by Mazzini, his elder brother in the fraternity of Italian freedom—'There is around the name of Garibaldi a halo which nothing can extinguish; a whole life devoted to one object—his country; a name consecrated by deeds of honour, first abroad, then at home; valour and constancy more than admirable simplicity of life and manner which recall the men of antiquity; all the most mournful trials and losses manfully endured; glory and poverty! Every particular relating to such a man is precious.' He has been by turns, and even at the same time, seaman and soldier, cattle-dealer mathematical teacher, candlemaker, master mariner, general conqueror, dictator, captive, senator, and rebel. It is hard to say at this moment what are his relations to the King on whom he bestowed the Crown of Southern Italy, and to the government of which he has been both the creator and the enemy. But at no time and in no part of the world has he ever been other than the most devoted of Italian patriots.

"When Garibaldi visited Tynemouth, in his vessel named the Commonwealth, it was proposed by the inhabitants to invite him to a public entertainment. He declined the latter, but joyfully accepted the sword and telescope. The presentation was made on the deck of the Commonwealth, and acknowledged in these words:—

"'Gentlemen—I am very weak in the English language, and can but imperfectly express my acknowledgements for your over great kindness. You honor me beyond my deserts. My services are not worthy of all the favour you have shown me. You more than reward me for any sacrifices I have made in the cause of freedom. One of the people—a workman like yourselves—I value very highly these expressions of your esteem—the more so because you testify thereby your sympathy for my poor, oppressed, and down-trodden country. Speaking in a strange tongue, I feel most painfully my inability to

thank you in terms sufficiently warm. The future will alone show how soon it will be before I am called on to unsheath the noble gift I have just received, and battle in behalf of that which lies nearest my heart—the freedom of my native land. But, be sure of this: Italy will one day be a nation, and its free citizens will know how to acknowledge all the kindness shown her exiled sons in the days of their darkest troubles. Gentlemen, I would say more, but my bad English prevents me. You can appreciate my feelings and understand my hesitation. Again, I thank you from my heart of hearts, and be confident of this—that whatever vicissitudes of fortune I may hereafter pass through, this handsome sword shall never be drawn by me except in the cause of liberty.'

"Before the vessel left the Tyne the following letter was addressed to the chairman of the deputation, and is an existing an authentic specimen of the General's penmanship and literary faculty:—

"'Ship Commonwealth, Tynemouth, April 12, 1854.

"'My Dear Cowan—The generous manifestation of sympathy with which I have been honoured by you and your fellow-citizens is of itself more than sufficient to recompense a life of the greatest merit.

"'Born and educated, as I have been, in the cause of humanity, my heart is entirely devoted to liberty—universal liberty, national and world-wide—"*ora e sempre*" (now and for ever). England is a great and powerful nation—independent of auxiliary aid—foremost in human progress—enemy to despotism—the only safe refuge of the exile—friend of the oppressed; but if ever England, your native country, should be so circumstanced as to require the help of an ally, cursed be that Italian who would not step forward with me in her defence! Your government has given the autocrat a check and the Austrians a lesson. The despots of Europe are against you in consequence. Should England at any time in a just cause need my arm, I am ready, to unsheathe in her defence the noble and splendid sword received at your hands.

"'Be the interpreter of my gratitude to your good and generous countrymen.

"'I regret, deeply regret, to leave without again grasping hands with you.

"'Farewell, my dear friend, but not adieu! Make room for me in your heart. Yours always and everywhere.

"G. GARIBALDI.

"'Joseph Cowen, jun., Playdon Burn.'

"P. S.—At Rio de la Plate I fought in favour of the English against the tyrant Rosas.'"

will alone show
ith the noble gift
which lies nearest
be sure of this:
will know how to
s in the days of
ore, but my bad
lings and under-
heart of hearts,
s of fortune I may
never be drawn by

tter was addressed
ing an authentic
faculty:—

April 12, 1854.

tion of sympathy
fellow-citizens is
the greatest merit.
use of humanity,
liberty, national
ver). England is
ary aid—foremost
safe refuge of the
and, your native
he help of an ally,
with me in her
a check and the
inst you in con-
t cause need my
oble and splendid

od and generous

grasping hands

ake room for me

GARIBALDI.

r of the English